the jeſt may remaine after the wearing ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd jeſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*
A ſaile, a ſaile.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nurſe. Peter.

Peter. Anon.

Nurſ. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.